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COWBOY WESTERN  
PRESENTS WILD BILL HICKOK

COWBOY WESTERN

presents

No 64



# Wild Bill Hickok and SINGLES

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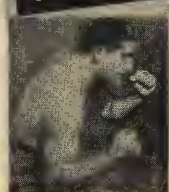
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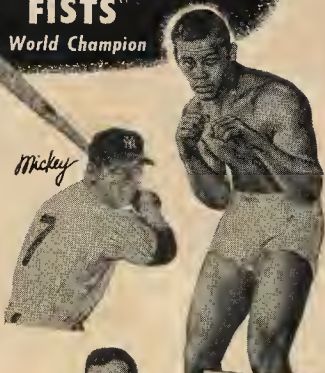
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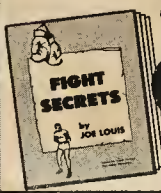
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# COWBOY WESTERN



THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE, A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

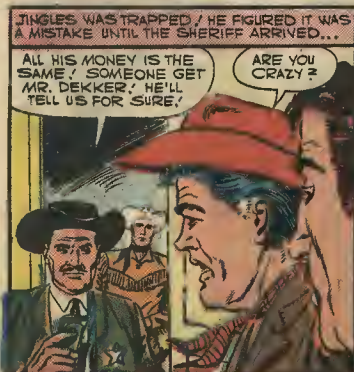
*Alfred P. Stepien* Executive Editor

## Wild Bill Dickok AND JINGLES in COUNTERFEIT MARSHAL



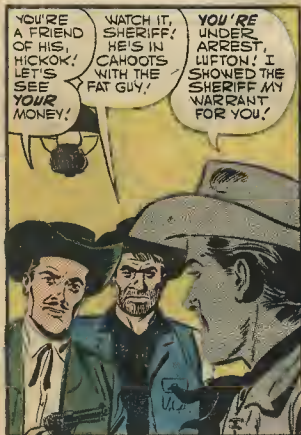
# COWBOY WESTERN

CANYON CITY LOOKED LIKE ANY OTHER TOWN ON THE WEARY TRAIL WILD BILL AND JINGLES FOLLOWED PURSUING THE LIFTON GANG...





# COWBOY WESTERN



YOU'RE A FRIEND OF HIS, HICKOK! LET'S SEE YOUR MONEY!

WATCH IT, SHERIFF! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THE FAT GUY!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, LUFTON! I SHOWED THE SHERIFF MY WARRANT FOR YOU!



ALL YOUR MONEY IS THE SAME TOO, HICKOK! MAYBE THE MARSHAL'S PAPERS AN' THE WARRANT FOR LUFTON ARE FORGED TOO!



MOVE, HICKOK! SEE HOW IT FEELS TO BE ON THE WRONG END OF A GUN!

I DON'T LIKE YOU, LUFTON! DON'T GET TOO CLOSE OR...



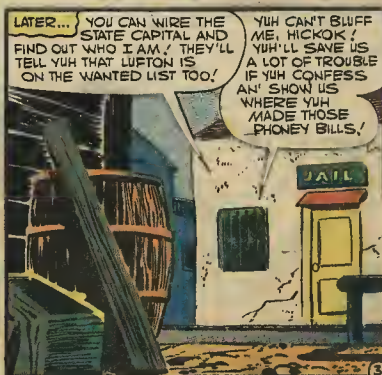
DON'T GET LIPPY WI... OOOF!

...I'LL TEACH YUH SOME MANNERS!



WHAT NOW, BILL? WE GOT THEIR GUNS!

GIVE 'EM BACK, JINGLES! WE UP-HOLD THE LAW, WE DON'T FIGHT IT!



LATER... YOU CAN WIRE THE STATE CAPITAL AND FIND OUT WHO I AM. THEY'LL TELL YUH THAT LUFTON IS ON THE WANTED LIST TOO!

YUH CAN'T BLUFF ME, HICKOK! YUH'LL SAVE US A LOT OF TROUBLE IF YUH CONFESS AN' SHOW US WHERE YUH MADE THOSE PHONEY BILLS!

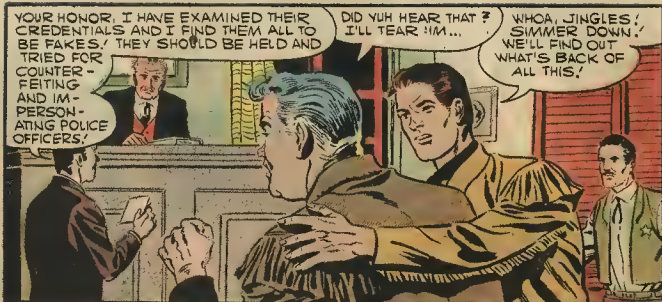
# COWBOY WESTERN

ASA  
DEKKER,  
THE HEAD  
TELLER IN  
THE BANK,  
WAS THE  
LOCAL  
AUTHORITY  
ON  
FORGERY!  
HE  
TESTIFIED  
THAT ALL OF  
MARSHAL  
HICKOK'S  
PAPERS  
WERE  
FORGED...

YOUR HONOR, I HAVE EXAMINED THEIR  
CREDENTIALS AND I FIND THEM ALL TO  
BE FAKES! THEY SHOULD BE HELD AND  
TRIED FOR  
COUNTER-  
FEITING  
AND IM-  
PERSON-  
ATING POLICE  
OFFICERS!

DID YUH HEAR THAT ?  
I'LL TEAR HIM...

WHOA, JINGLES !  
SUMMER DOWN !  
WE'LL FIND OUT  
WHAT'S BACK OF  
ALL THIS !



THE TWO LAWMEN WERE INDICTED  
AND HELD FOR TRIAL ! BUT THEY  
HAD ONE FRIEND IN TOWN...

I BELIEVE YOU TWO,  
LISTEN, THERE'S A  
CABIN AT THE END  
OF THE CANYON WITH  
GOOD HORSES AND  
SUPPLIES, YOU  
CAN HOLE UP  
THERE!

HOW ?  
WE'RE  
STILL  
LOCKED  
IN HERE,  
REMEMBER ?



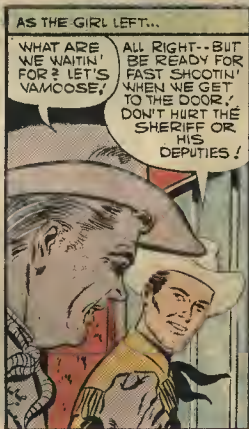
HERE, IT'S  
A SPARE  
KEY I  
TOOK  
FROM  
THE  
SHERIFF'S  
DESK,  
HE WON'T  
MISS IT!



AS THE GIRL LEFT...

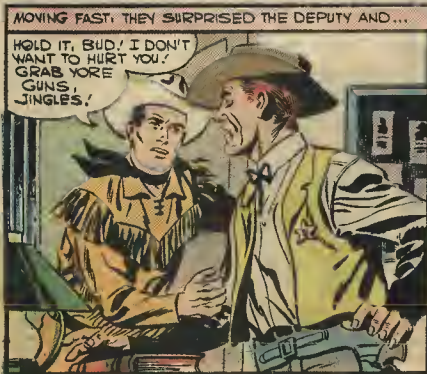
WHAT ARE  
WE WAITIN'  
FOR ? LET'S  
VAMCOSE!

ALL RIGHT--BUT  
BE READY FOR  
FAST SHOOTIN'  
WHEN WE GET  
TO THE DOOR,  
DON'T HURT THE  
SHERIFF OR  
HIS  
DEPUTIES !

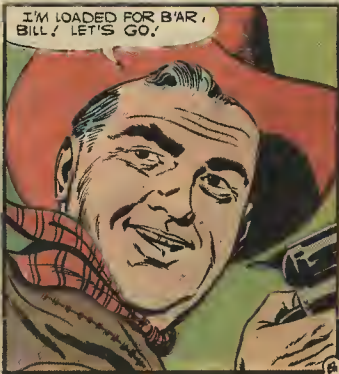


MOVING FAST, THEY SURPRISED THE DEPUTY AND...

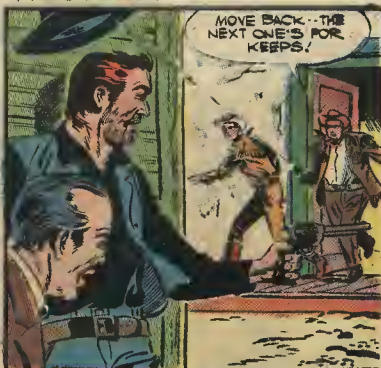
HOLD IT, BUD ! I DON'T  
WANT TO HURT YOU!  
GRAB YORE  
GUNS,  
JINGLES!



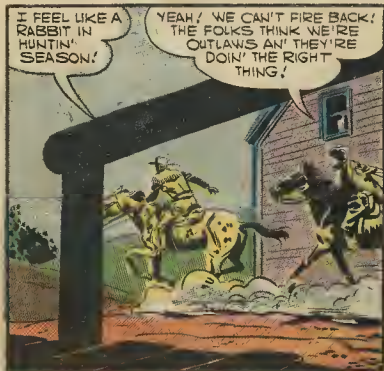
I'M LOADED FOR B\*AR,  
BILL ! LET'S GO!



# COWBOY WESTERN



THE  
SHERIFF  
WASN'T  
AROUND...  
BUT ASA  
DEKKER  
AND THE  
LIFTON  
GANG  
WERE  
WAITING!  
IT  
WAS  
A  
TRAP...



YEAH! WE CAN'T FIRE BACK!  
THE FOLKS THINK WE'RE  
OUTLAWS AN' THEY'RE  
DOIN' THE RIGHT  
THING!

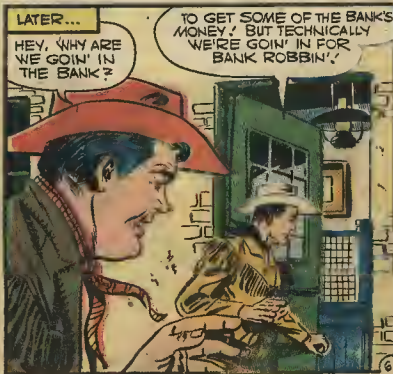
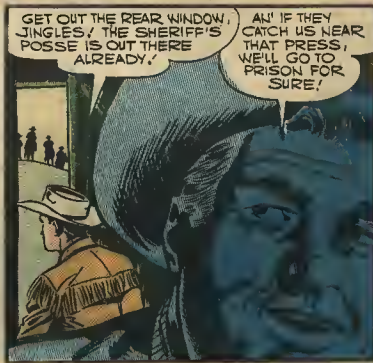
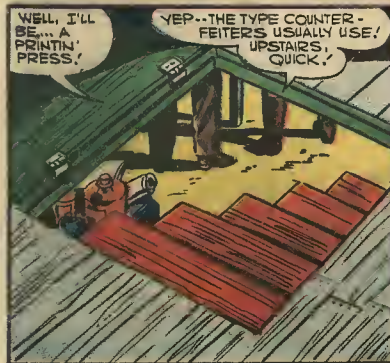


WE'LL GO THERE ANYHOW!  
MAKE 'EM SHOW  
THEIR HANDS!



# COWBOY WESTERN

THE  
DESERTED  
CABIN  
AT  
THE  
HEAD  
OF  
THE  
CANYON  
WAS  
JUST  
AS  
THE  
WAITRESS  
DESCRIBED  
IT...



# COWBOY WESTERN



DON'T GRAB IRON, MISTER! WHERE'S DEKKER?

IN... IN BACK!



HOLD IT, DEKKER! YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' THAT MONEY ANYWHERE!

HICKOK! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE RUNNIN' FOR IT!



YUH TRIED TOO LATE, DEKKER!

BLAST IT, HICKOK! I'D HAVE GOTTEN A... OOWWWW!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

OKAY, LUFTON, YOU GUYS DROP YOUR GUNS!



DROP IT, HICKOK! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

I'LL GIVE UP... IF YOU'LL TAKE DEKKER IN AT THE SAME TIME! MY MONEY WAS DIFFERENT THAN EVERYONE ELSE'S FOR A GOOD REASON!



HE'S LYIN', SHERIFF!

DEKKER MADE UP A BATCH OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY? HE SUBSTITUTED IT FOR THE GOOD MONEY IN THE VAULT? EVERYONE IN TOWN HAD THE BAD BILLS SO WHEN I ARRIVED WITH REAL ONES, THEY LOOKED WRONG! HE AND THE LUFTON BUNCH WERE IN IT TOGETHER!

END



# Wild Bill Nickok AND Jingles

## in THE LAST HORSE LAUGH

IF THERE WAS ONE THING JINGLES PRIDED HIMSELF ON, IT WAS HIS FINE JUDGMENT OF HORSE FLESH. SO WHEN HE PROUDLY PAID A COUPLE MONTHS' PAY FOR THE GLISTENING BLACK MARE, WILD BILL SAID NOTHING -- HE JUST WAITED...



DON'T BELIEVE THIS SUCKER, MISTER. THIS HORSE IS OLDER 'N I AM AN'. HE'S PROB'LY LAME IN FOUR LAIGS! HE'S SPAVINED AN' SWAYBACKED... PUT ME DOWN! NO, NOT HERE!

THAT JINGLES! HE DON'T KNOW A GOOD HORSE FROM CROWBAIT!

JINGLES MET SUICK HAFEY BEFORE THAT EPISODE. HAFEY SHOWED UP IN TOWN LEADING A BEAUTIFUL BLACK MARE...

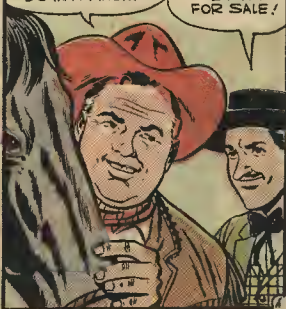
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR A HORSE. WATCH ME HORSE TRADE THAT STRANGER INTO A LOW PRICE FOR THAT BLACK!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED OR YOU'LL TALK YOURSELF OUT OF YOUR NEW TEETH!

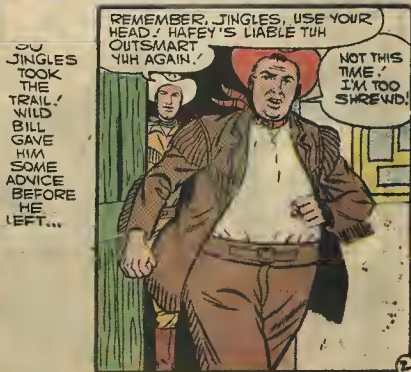
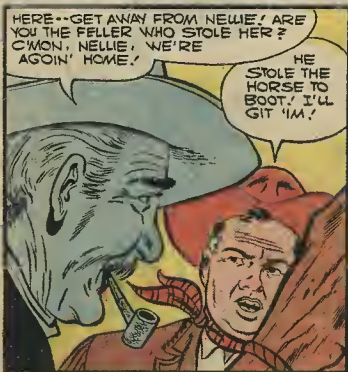
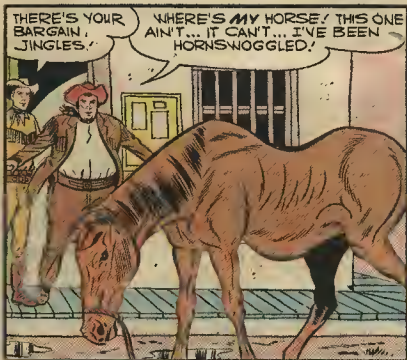
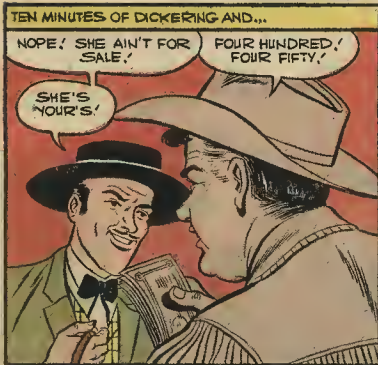


KINDA PUNY MARE, STRANGER -- STILL, I RECKON SHE'D DO IN A PINCH!

SAVE YORE BREATH, MISTER, SHE AIN'T FOR SALE!



# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN

SO  
THE  
CHUBBY  
CRIME  
FIGHTER  
TOOK  
THE  
TRAIL...  
CONFIDENT  
THAT  
SLICK  
HAFEY  
WOULDN'T  
OUTSLICK  
HIM  
AGAIN!  
THE  
TRAIL  
WAS  
EASY  
TO  
FOLLOW...

HONDY. STRANGER!  
SEE A STRANGER  
PASS HERE? KINDA  
DUMB LOOKIN'  
FELLER. HE'S A  
HORSE TRADER?



YEP, I SEEN HIM!  
HE WAS SO  
DUMB HE SOLD  
ME A HORSE --  
SAID IT WAS  
HEALTHY. HORSE  
KEELED  
OVER A  
MILE  
BACK!



HE'LL BE AROUND SOMEWHERE! COUNTY  
FAIR'S IS WHERE THEM FELLERS  
OPERATE! HE'LL BE HIDIN'  
FROM THE LAW, I RECKON!

## COUNTY FAIR



YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, MEN, THIS HORSE IS AS  
SOUND AS A DOLLAR! HE'S FOUR YEARS  
OLD AND WELL BROKEN, BOYS!



YUH CAN SEE FOR  
YORESELVES,  
MEN! HE'S BUILT  
FOR SPEED!  
WHY THIS HERE...  
HONDY, FRIEND!  
HOW'S THAT  
BLACK MARE  
I SOLD  
YUH?

SHE AIN'T  
BLACK!  
SHE'S  
BRINDLE  
AN' I  
WANT MY  
MONEY  
BACK! THAT  
HORSE WAS  
STOLEN TOO!



I'LL BET THIS HERE HORSE  
IS A FAKE TOO! I'LL BET  
HE'S AN OLD WRECK  
WHEN YUH EXAMINE  
HIM CLOSE!

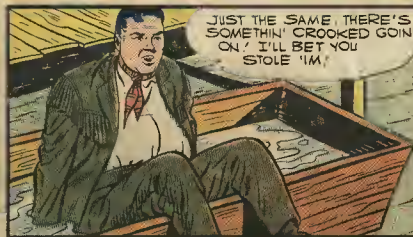


HE'S PROB'LY FOURTEEN  
YEARS OLD WITH  
BAD TEEEEEEOOWW!

SEE,  
MISTER!  
TEETH ARE  
PURTLY GOOD!



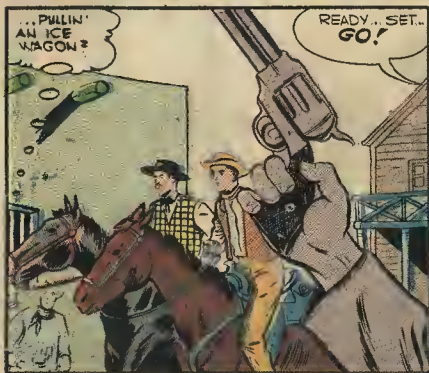
# COWBOY WESTERN



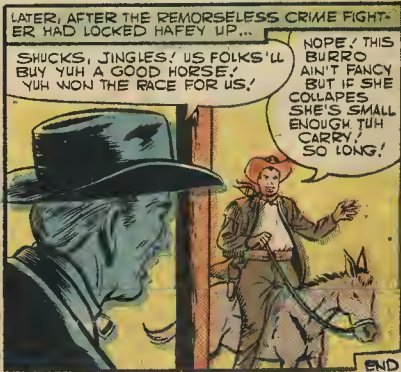
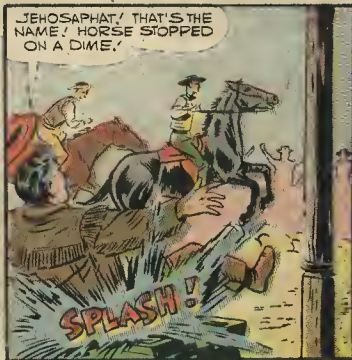
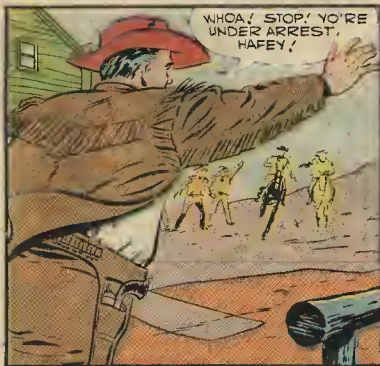


# COWBOY WESTERN

THE  
COUNTY  
FAIR  
WAS  
IN  
FULL  
SWING.  
RANCHERS  
AND  
COW-  
HANDS  
WERE  
IN  
TOWN  
FOR  
A GOOD  
TIME  
ALL  
OF  
THEM  
WELL  
HELLED.



# COWBOY WESTERN



END





United States Secret Service Agent Dan Galland examined the ten dollar National Bank Note very carefully. Then from his inner coat pocket he took out a list of numbers. He checked the list and then nodded.

"This is a bill from the stolen money. One week has passed since the robbery took place, and this is the only clue we have. Apparently the thief hid the money. All of it except this one lone bill. He must have kept it in his wallet and passed it by mistake."

"If you assume definitely that the man who passed the money is the man who held up the train, then he must be one of the eight guests at the Bar-L Ranch," interrupted Sheriff Fred Skinner. "So there you have really another clue. One out of eight, but which one is your man?"

Dan Galland dropped the ten dollar bill to the top of the sheriff's desk. This was a tough case to crack and Washington had assigned him to it.

"We think," continued the Secret Service Agent, "that the robber is definitely an Easterner. If Dave Lesser of the Bar-L Ranch did know his guests personally, then the answer to the case would be handed to us on a silver platter. He is entertaining these men as possible prospective purchasers of the ranch. From what I have seen about them they all seem to be men who know the West. From Texas, Colorado, and Nevada they have come here."

The sheriff was stroking his chin. He was trying to do some deep thinking. There must be some way to find out just who the wanted man was. Suddenly a smile appeared on his face.

"Suppose I get Dave Lesser to arrange a hunting party for the eight men," he suggested. "Now if seven of those men are from the West, they will know what to do and how to take care of themselves. The Easterner will betray himself in some manner. We have to be alert."

"Let us say it works," queried the Secret

Service Agent, "I can't just make an arrest. How would we get him with the money?"

The sheriff got up from his chair and pointed to a large map on the wall. Then he approached closer and traced a line through the county with his finger.

"He hasn't the money on him. So somewhere along here we'll say it is hidden. I'll get some of the Indian scouts from the reservation to trail him day and night. He'll never know it, but they will never let him out of sight."

"Now let's go and talk with Dave Lesser and see if he falls in with the plans," advised Dan Galland. "Our horses are outside. Some riding will do me a bit of good."

"Two hours of leisurely riding brought them to the Bar-L Ranch. Dave Lesser, a middle-aged rancher, met them outside his main building. They dismounted and hitched their horses to a convenient pole. Quickly the sheriff explained the plan.

"Anything I can do to help you, sheriff," he agreed, "just say the word. A bit of hunting ought to sound good to the men. So far we haven't talked business at all. We have all the materials needed for a good trip. Jim Davis, my foreman, will be in charge."

The guests liked the idea very much when Dave Lesser put it to them. He also said that when they returned, the matter of the sale of the ranch would be discussed. They left on a Thursday morning. At night tents were set up and the men all slept soundly. The sheriff and the Secret Service Agent went along with the group.

In the morning the first one up wasn't the cook but the wrangler. The horses had been hobbled and soon they were all in camp. The cook in the meantime had prepared breakfast. Hot coffee, muffins, pancakes, bacon, and eggs.

"Nothing like the fresh air to give you an appetite," remarked Herbert Cole, one of the guests.

"Best cure in the world when you can't eat," agreed Frank Gosnell, another one of the guests.

After breakfast, each guest packed his two panniers and bundled up his bedroll. It was then laid atop the saddle and between the panniers. A pack cover of heavy waterproof canvas was then spread over the load before the necessary lashes and hitches were made.

The pack train was soon ready to take off and the guests were all mounted on their horses. Soon the men were ahead of the pack train. There was a rifle slung into each heavy leather saddle scabbard. They were going after the grizzlies. From time to time they would stop as Jim Davis checked the vicinity with his binoculars.

"Can't see any kind of animal," he sighed. "No deer, no sheep, no bears, in fact, no nothing."

Slim Chivers, one of the cowboys with the group, sang some old western songs so that time would not seem too long. They crossed a river that at first seemed shallow and gentle. But it was very treacherous and the horses had a hard time of it.

"Go at an angle with the current and don't fight it," shouted Frank Gosnell. "We get to the bank a little further down, that's all."

They all followed the suggestion though some were a bit wet as a result of it. The sheriff rode at the side of Dave Lesser and spoke what was on his mind.

"Only a real Westerner would have thought of it that quickly. So that eliminates Frank Gosnell. Now we only have seven more to go."

They rode for an hour and then stopped when Herbert Cole held up his hand. He pointed to some horse tracks.

"Two Indians and a white man were riding here recently," he remarked. "Wonder what they want?"

The party continued on their way though the Secret Service Agent and the sheriff lingered behind the rest of the group.

"You would have to be keen to pick up that trail," remarked the sheriff. "The Indians do not use horseshoes for their ponies. Use rawhide instead. Herbert Cole spotted it. Means he is a real Westerner. Only six more to go. We eliminate Herbert Cole."

They stopped for lunch and Bill Devain, one of the guests pointed to some smoke signals.

"Fire?" questioned the sheriff.

Bill Devain laughed at that single word question. He pointed to the smoke signals again.

"The redskins are telling somebody that there isn't much game around. Best to try south. And we are headed north."

The sheriff didn't say anything but went im-

mediately to the Secret Service Agent.

"We can eliminate Bill Devain. He certainly would have to be a real Westerner to read those smoke signals. Only five more to go."

The cook prepared a real swell meal and all ate heartily. They rested and told some stories about how the old timers had to fight for every inch of land. Then again they were on their way. They rode for several hours slowly and dismounted. Camp was prepared for the night. The quiet was interrupted by the hoots of owls.

"Could it be Indian signals?" asked Dan Galland.

"You really ought to be out here for some time," scolded Will Blakely, one of the guests. "Sure, the Indians can imitate an owl, but when you have heard the real thing and the imitation you can tell the difference. These hoots are coming from a higher point which means trees. Look up. Those branches wouldn't support a person. Furthermore they are sustained hoots. You can't do that with the human voice unless you were a professional singer."

When they were alone, the sheriff seemed to feel they were getting closer and closer to their man.

"That eliminates Will Blakely. Only four more to go. Really three because if we eliminate three more, then the last one is our man."

"If," repeated the United Secret Service man and let it go at that. He too was wondering if situations would present themselves to be helpful. The next morning, Jed Arnold, one of the guests pointed to the sky.

"We better get back to the ranch in a hurry. Otherwise we will run into a blizzard. I know my western snow clouds."

"That eliminates Jed Arnold. He knows his clouds. Take it from me. We don't have to go any further. Your Easterner is Michael Parsons. Ask no questions. When we get back have him followed."

They all returned safely to the ranch. Will Blakely bought it and the rest started home. A puzzled sheriff set his Indian scouts on the trail of Michael Parsons. Three days later they caught him digging up a bag full of the stolen money and brought him to the sheriff. He confessed all.

"And I thought I was alert," sighed Sheriff Fred Skinner. "What did you see that I missed?"

"As you know, the knees are not used in continuous western riding," explained the Secret Service Agent. "You adjust the stirrups so you barely clear the seat when standing in the stirrups. Mr. Parsons rode western part of the time. But when he forgot, he went eastern. Used his knees. And that's what I observed."



COWBOY WESTERN

# Wild Bill Dickok

AND

*Bunglers*

## THE MAN FROM GILA BEND

WE'D FELT THEIR SILENT HATE THE MOMENT HE ENTERED TOWN. THEN, THE BURLY GUN-SLINGER HAD DROPPED THE QUESTION INTO THE INTENSE QUIET IN THE CAFE, "YOU FROM GILA BEND?" WILD BILL HAD NODDED ONCE BEFORE THE ACTION STARTED.

"YUH MIGHT BE TOUGH,  
BUT YU'RE SURE  
STUPID TUH...UNGH."

"YOU GENTS WANT  
TROUBLE, I'LL  
ACCOMMODATE."

THEN, AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD  
STARTED, IT STOPPED. ONE  
WORD FROM A FANCY DRESSED  
RANCHER AT THE BAR DID IT...

STOP! HOLD IT  
UP, YOU  
BUNGLERS!

BUT BOSS,  
HE'S THE GUY  
SHE...OKAY."



# COWBOY WESTERN

HE'S THE ONE, ALL RIGHT, AND JUST AS SALTY AS THE GIRL SAID, BUT, MISTER, IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO RIDE OUT, WHAT DO YOU SAY? I'M J. B. CURLEW.



HERE'S MY ANSWER, CURLEW.



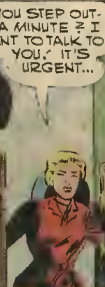
ALL RIGHT, CHUB, PROCEED, WAIT UNTIL I RIDE OUT.



THE TENSION BUILT UP AS CURLEW'S GUNMEN SPREAD OUT, THREE MEN WERE OBVIOUSLY GOING TO PARTICIPATE! THEN, THE GIRL CALLED TO HIM...



WILL YOU STEP OUTSIDE A MINUTE? I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, IT'S URGENT...



OF COURSE, MISS! IF THESE GENTS WILL EXCUSE ME...



WHAT'S IT ABOUT, MISS? ARE YOU THE GIRL CURLEW MENTIONED?



CURLEW AND HIS GANG HAVE STOLEN MY LAND AND CATTLE, I MADE SOME SILLY THREATS -- SAID MY COUSIN FROM GILA BEND WAS COMING!

THEY THINK YOU'RE THE MAN! YOU MUST LEAVE TOWN -- RIGHT NOW!

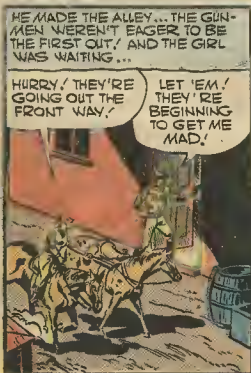
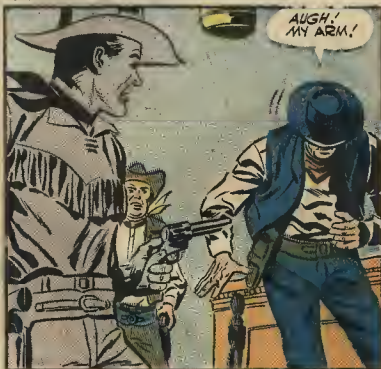
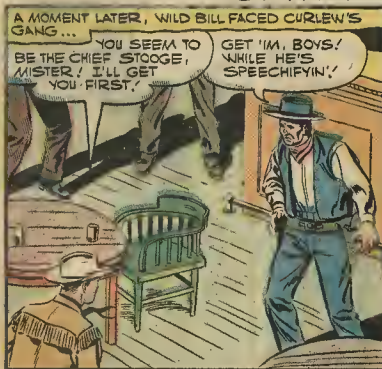


I'D HATE TO DISAPPOINT THEM, MISS! IF THEY EXPECTED YOUR COUSIN AN' I THINK I'M THE MAN, I'LL LET 'EM KEEP THININ' THAT!

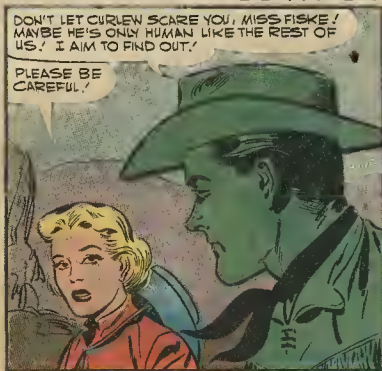




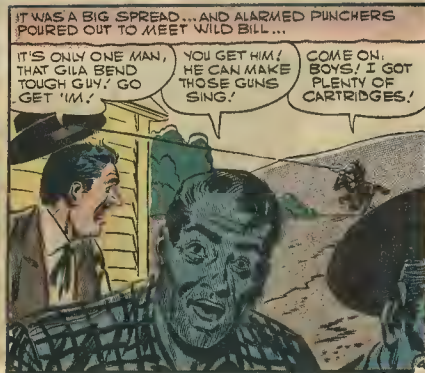
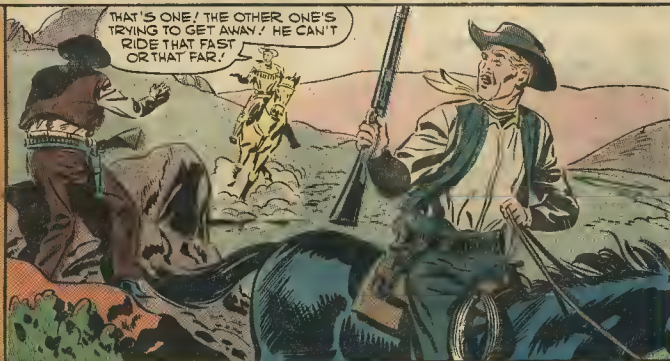
# COWBOY WESTERN



# COWBOY WESTERN



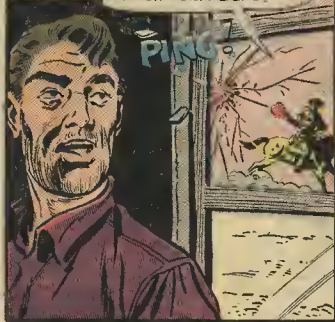
TWO MEN WERE TRYING TO GET WINCHESTER SIGHTS ON THE FAMOUS FRONTIER FIGHTER... BUT WILD BILL HICKOK WAS TOO FAST FOR THEM...





# COWBOY WESTERN

I'M LEAVIN', BOYS-- BUT I'LL BE BACK FROM TIME TO TIME! REGARDS FROM GILA BEND!



CURLEW'S RIDERS RODE CAUTIOUSLY AFTER THAT! WILD BILL DID A LITTLE SNIPING TO KEEP THEM THAT WAY... AND HE MADE A PLEASANT DISCOVERY...

I CAN THROW A FEW SLUGS NEAR THEIR... WHOA! SOMEONE BEAT ME TO IT! SOMEONE ELSE IS MAD AT CURLEW! I WONDER WHO.



HOLD IT, NEIGHBOR-- I'M ON YOUR SIDE!



I'VE BEEN SHOOTIN' CURLEW'S OUTFIT UP FOR MY OWN REASONS! HOW COME YOU'RE DOIN' IT!

THERE'S A DOZEN OTHERS DOIN' THE SAME THING! WE NEVER DID LIKE CURLEW-- BUT TILL YOU SHOWED UP, WE WERE AFRAID TO SHOW IT!



NOW, PUT 'NEAR EVERYBODY'S REMEMBERIN' A GRUDGE! CURLEW'S CREW IS GOIN TO SHRINK SOMETHIN' AWFUL.



FEELING AGAINST J. B. CURLEW RAN HIGH! WILD BILL KNEW CURLEW WOULD MAKE A MOVE... AND HE THOUGHT HE KNEW WHAT IT WOULD BE...

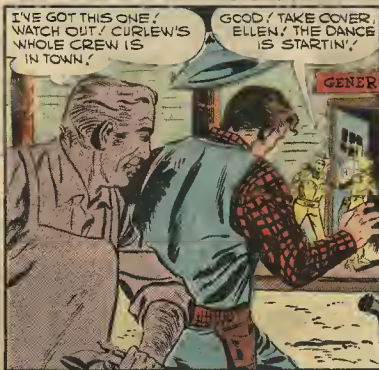


BUT HE'LL TRY TO DESTROY US BOTH! WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?

CURLEW'S IN TOO SOLID-- WE'VE GOT TO STAMPEDE HIM INTO A RASH MOVE! I'M PRETTY SURE HE'LL DO IT!

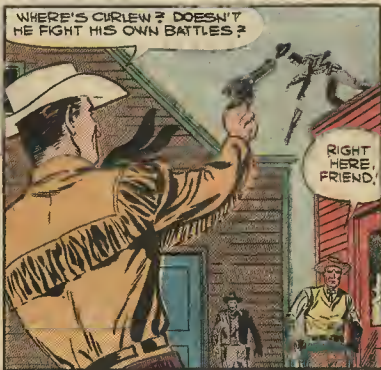


# COWBOY WESTERN



I'VE GOT THIS ONE!  
WATCH OUT! CURLEW'S  
WHOLE CREW IS  
IN TOWN!

GOOD! TAKE COVER,  
ELLEN! THE DANCE  
IS STARTIN'!



WHERE'S CURLEW? DOESN'T  
HE FIGHT HIS OWN BATTLES?

RIGHT  
HERE,  
FRIEND!



WOW! HE LET  
CURLY JOE DRAW  
FIRST--THEN HE  
PLUGGED 'IM! I'M  
PULLIN' OUT!



SHOULD I  
JAIL THESE  
HOMBRES,  
MISTER? YOU  
SEEM TO BE IN  
CHARGE O'  
BUCKIN'  
CURLEW'S  
CREW!

NO! LET 'EM ALL RIDE OUT!  
CURLEW'S RANCH IS GOING  
BACK TO IT'S RIGHTFUL  
OWNER...MISS FISKE!



I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO THANK  
YOU! WHAT  
WILL I TELL  
EVERYONE  
WHEN I SAY  
YOU'RE NOT  
REALLY MY  
COUSIN?

DON'T TELL 'EM! YOUR  
COUSIN, CURT FISKE, WAS  
SHOT HELPING ME-- I  
CAME IN HIS PLACE! LET  
THEM THINK I'LL COME  
BACK IF YOU NEED ME--  
BECAUSE I WILL,  
ANY TIME!



# COWBOY WESTERN

# Wild Bill Hickok

## IN 'REFORMED OUTLAW'

THE EASTERN SYNDICATE WRITER REPORTED THAT WILD BILL HICKOK AND HIS DEPUTY, JINGLES, WOULD BE HELPLESS WITHOUT THEIR GUNS. HE WROTE THAT THEY USED THEIR GUNS TOO OFTEN. WILD BILL DIDN'T CARE UNTIL FOLKS BEGAN TALKING THE SAME WAY...



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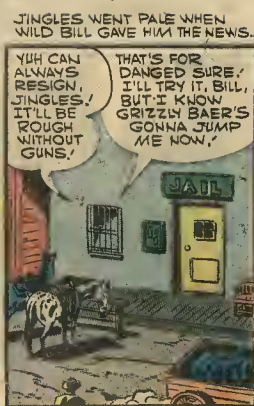
THE WRITER, MENDELL SMITH, WROTE SENSATIONAL STORIES ABOUT MARSHAL HICKOK. THEY WEREN'T EXACTLY FACTUAL...



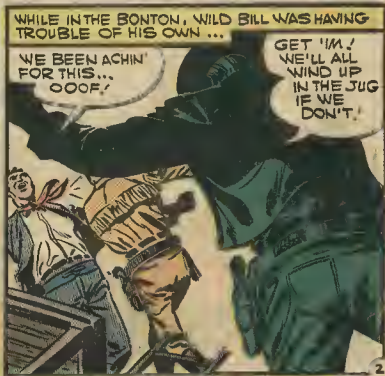
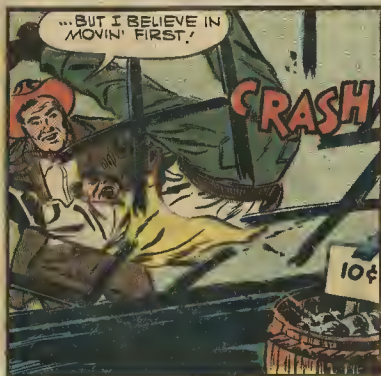
IT WAS SELF DEFENSE... BUT SMITH SAID HICKOK PROVOKED IT...



# COWBOY WESTERN



BAER HAD BEEN THE TOWN BULLY UNTIL JINGLES CAME ALONG! HE LOST NO TIME IN TRYING TO RE-ESTABLISH THAT REPUTATION...





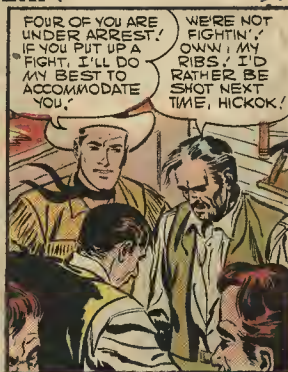
# COWBOY WESTERN



THEY'RE WRECKIN' MY PLACE, HERE -- TAKE THIS GUN,

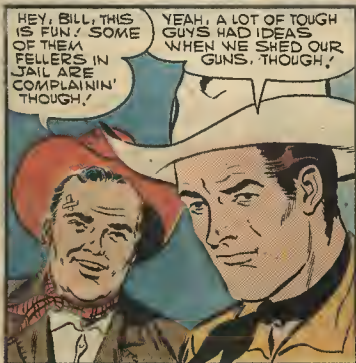
YOU SQUANKED ABOUT USIN' GUNS, CRAWFORD, YOU, SUFFER ALONG WITH ME,

WILD BILL HICKOK RE-STORED ORDER... BUT THE RIOT HAD LASTED A LOT LONGER THAN USUAL...



FOUR OF YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, IF YOU PUT UP A FIGHT, I'LL DO MY BEST TO ACCOMMODATE YOU,

WE'RE NOT FIGHTIN' OWN, MY RIBS, I'D RATHER BE SHOT NEXT TIME, HICKOK!



HEY, BILL, THIS IS FUN, SOME OF THEM FELLERS IN JAIL ARE COMPLAININ' THOUGH,

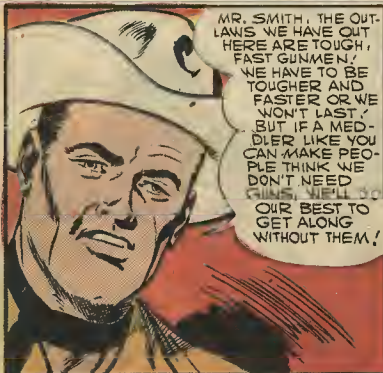
YEAH, A LOT OF TOUGH GUYS HAD IDEAS WHEN WE SHED OUR GUNS, THOUGH,



I'VE WRITTEN ANOTHER ARTICLE ABOUT OVER-YOU, HICKOK, YOU AND YOUR OVERSTUFFED DEPUTY ARE BRUTAL,

I'LL TAKE HIM APART AND SEE...

HOLD IT, JINGLES,



MR. SMITH, THE OUTLAWS WE HAVE OUT HERE ARE TOUGH, FAST GUNMEN, WE HAVE TO BE TOUGHER AND FASTER OR WE WON'T LAST, BUT IF A MEDDLER LIKE YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE THINK WE DON'T NEED GUNS, WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO GET ALONG WITHOUT THEM!



WATCH IT, THESE GUYS AREN'T KIDDIN'!

STOP THEM!

# COWBOY WESTERN





COWBOY WESTERN

# Annie

## AND THE LADY KILLER

# Oakley

HE WAS A MODEST MAN, BUT LEO HUNTLEY HAD TO ADMIT HE WAS THE ANSWER TO A MAIDEN'S PRAYER. ANNIE DIDN'T MIND LEO'S SUCCESS WITH THE OTHER LADIES BUT WHEN HE BRAGGED THAT HE COULD WIN ANNIE'S HEART, THAT WAS TOO MUCH.

OF COURSE, IT TAKES A LOT OF PRACTICE TO BECOME A CRACK SHOT LIKE...

...LIKE THIS? I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER CIGAR, MR. HUNTLEY. THAT ONE'S HALF GONE.



LEO HUNTLEY WAS A NEWCOMER IN TOWN, BUT HE WAS A HANDSOME FIGURE OF A MAN, THE LADIES AGREED.

WELL, AIN'T HE CUTE, THOUGH! WHO'S THE MASHER, MARY?

ISN'T HE DIVINE? HE'S MISTER LEO HUNTLEY OF THE LAND OFFICE.

GOOD MORNING, MISS MARY. FINE DAY, ISN'T IT?



# COWBOY WESTERN

MISS ANNIE, IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. I'M SURE YOU'RE A LOVELY WOMAN WHEN YOUR ATTIRE IS... IS...

OH, YOU MEAN MY OUTFIT? SHUCKS. MR. HUNTLEY, THIS IS MY BEST OUTFIT! SORRY IT DOESN'T MEET YOUR APPROVAL!

THE PRIZE CATCH WENT HIS WAY, BESTOWING HIS BOWS ON THE FEMALES! AND ANNIE SIZZLED...

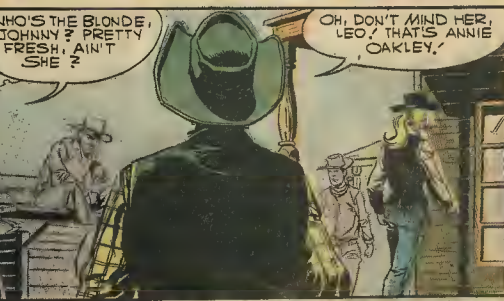
THAT OVER-DRESSED DUDE, FOR TWO PINS, I'D MUSS HIM UP!

SHHH! HE MIGHT HEAR YOU! EVEN THE MEN ARE AFRAID OF YOU!



WHO'S THE BLONDE, JOHNNY? PRETTY FRESH, AIN'T SHE?

OH, DON'T MIND HER, LEO, THAT'S ANNIE OAKLEY.



WELL, IF I WANTED, I COULD MAKE THAT GAL SIT UP AND BEG! MAYBE I WILL, JUST TO TEACH HER A LESSON!

THE BOAST WAS REPEATED, AND ANNIE HEARD IT FAST! THE TOWN WAITED TO SEE HOW THE FIERY CRACK SHOT WOULD TAKE THE NEWS...

...AND THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

WELL, I CAN'T DISAPPOINT HIM, CAN I? I'M CURIOUS ABOUT MR. HUNTLEY!



I'VE BEEN CHECKIN'. HE SPENDS A WHOLE OF A LOT OF MONEY BUT HE DOESN'T GET MUCH SALARY! HOW DOES HE DO IT?



# COWBOY WESTERN

ANNIE VISITED THE LAND OFFICE THE NEXT DAY. SHE FOUND HUNTLEY FINISHING SOME BUSINESS...

THERE'S THE LAST PAYMENT, HUNTLEY. MARK IT DOWN, NEVER MIND THE WOMEN.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT WHEN A LOVELY LADY LIKE MISS OAKLEY COMES IN?

YOU'RE CLOSIN' UP? DIDN'T FORGET NOthin', DID YOU?

YOU MEAN THE MONEY? I'LL ENTER THAT IN MY RECORDS LATER. WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT BUSINESS--NEVER DO.

THOSE GUNS... I'LL BET YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD WITH THEM, AREN'T YOU?

FAIR, JUST FAIR. SEE THAT CAN, I'LL DRAW AND HIT IT FIRST SHOT.

SEE? IT'S A SUM...

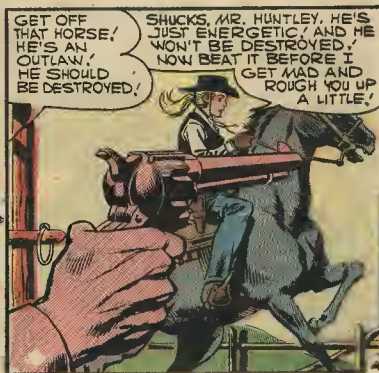
I GET THE IDEA!

THE DUDE JUST TRIED T' SHOW ANNIE OAKLEY HOW TO FIRE A PISTOL. SHE SHOT THE CIGAR OUT FROM UNDER HIS MUSTACHE!

ANNIE HAD MADE A FOOL OF HUNTLEY... AND HE WAS OUT TO PROVE WHAT A HERO HE WAS. HE GRABBED HIS FIRST OPPORTUNITY...

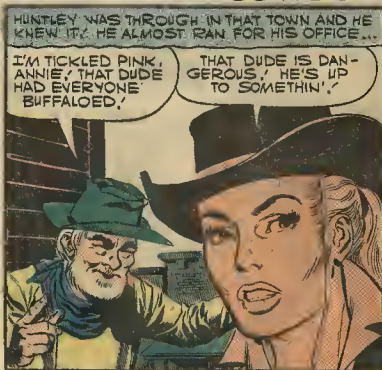
DON'T CROWD ME, RUBE.

# COWBOY WESTERN

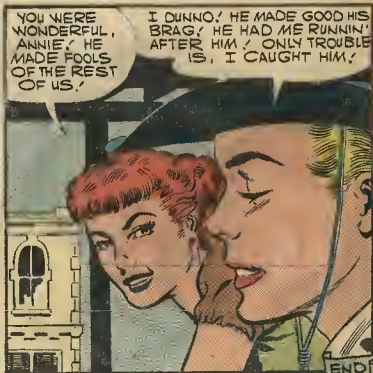
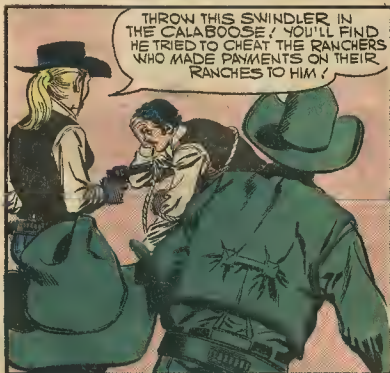
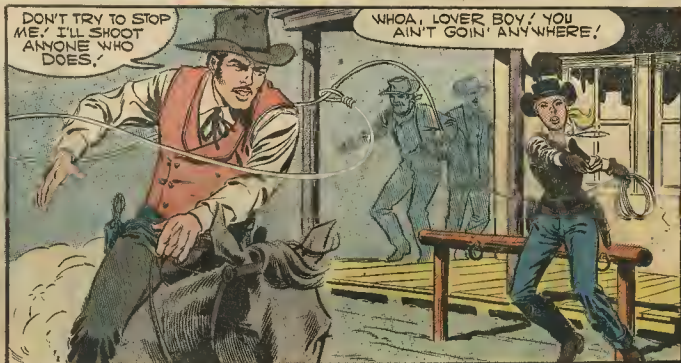




# COWBOY WESTERN

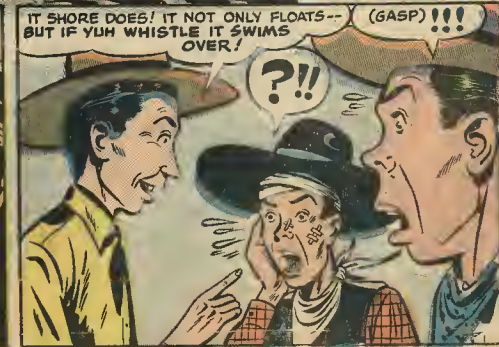
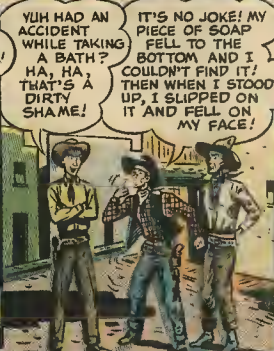


ANNIE OAKLEY WAS RIGHT, HUNTLEY HAD HIS HORSE WAITING, AND STARTED OUT OF TOWN AT A DEAD RUN, BUT ANNIE WAS READY...



END

# COWBOY WESTERN





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